

Serna 3. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous: and
some Attendants, T. Tuske: Curtin.

Emil. Ile no step further.

Per. Will you loose this fight?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly
Then this decision ev'ry; blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each stroake laments
The place wher on it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,
It is enough my hearing shall be punishd,
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread sights, it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Sister will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both seald with eye, and care; you must be present,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland
To crowne the Questions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd winke

Thes. You must be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which shoves
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horror, who do's stand accurst
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By casting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her selfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must goe.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes.

Thes. Why the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye; know of this war
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride
Out of it selfe.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure,
Those that remaine with you, could wish their office
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Sister,
I am like to know your husband fore your selfe
By some small start of time, he whom the gods
Doe of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.

Emil. Arcite is gently visagd; yet his eye
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellowes in his visage: Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow
Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes on,
Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly
Becomes him nobly; So do's Arcite's mirth,
But Palamon's sadnes is a kinde of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadnes, merry; those darker humours that
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.

Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe incite
The Princes to their prooffe, Arcite may win me,
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoyling of his figure. O what pittie
Enough for such a chance; if I were by
I might doe hurt, for they would glance their eyes

M

Toward